[ficlet] Good to be Alive

Because I can write PWP just before bed. Yes.

Title: Good to be Alive.
Fandom: Supernatural.
Pairing/Characters: Gabriel/Dean/Gabriel.
Rating: NC-17.
Warnings: Smut!
Summary: *"Someone screwed up and brought us back twice."*

Notes: Written for **MORGANOCONNER** because I said I would ages ago. It's PWP and I hope it's good! (Also about 750~ words)

Gabriel doesn't give Dean time to ask questions, not when all he wants to do is kiss him, hard and long enough to make Dean gasp as if he were drowning afterwards.

"Miss me?" Gabriel asks, and kisses Dean again, sliding into his lap and putting arms around his chest to hold him close. It means he gets a front seat view when Dean spots the other him over his shoulder.

Because yeah, Gabriel came back with two of himself, some bureaucratic error that meant Gabriel sat up out of the ashes twice barely minutes apart, and then spent ten minutes bickering over which one of them got to be Gabriel One and Gabriel Two. (They decided to just be Gabriels, eventually, so long as they both got Dean.)

Not that Gabriel's complaining, with Dean's face looking like that.

Not that the other Gabriel's complaining when he can watch his lover kiss someone else without feeling the least bit jealous.

Gabriel (the one not in Dean's lap) grins and decides to make things even more like his own personal interactive porn, and snaps his fingers, removing all of their clothes.

Dean looks like he would protest, but Gabriel (the one in his lap) is kissing him again, and now there are moans, and now Dean is gripping Gabriel's arms like he means to hold him there forever.

There's finally a moment without kissing when Gabriel decides to nip at Dean's chin and lick at his neck instead, and now there are questions.

"What - how? Two?"

Both Gabriels laugh, and as one dips his head to lick a stripe down Dean's chest, the other answers him.

"Someone screwed up and brought us back twice. Think you can handle two of us in you at once, or should we save that for tomorrow?"

"I was thinking we should try to destroy his brain today, actually," Gabriel says, nipping Dean's shoulder briefly. "And try fucking him and a blowjob at the same time."

"Only if I get to fuck him."

"It was my idea!"

Before they can truly get into a fight over this, Dean solves it for them, scooting back and shoving Gabriel's head into his lap.

He points at the still-standing Gabriel. "Quit arguing and get over here."

Then he doesn't have words, as Gabriel takes the hint and takes Dean into his mouth, sucking and licking like he was made to do it, and the other Gabriel settles behind Dean, not even bothering with prep when all he needs to do is snap his fingers and they're both oiled and ready.

Then Dean is *gone*, fingers tightening in Gabriel's hair as he doesn't know which way to push his hips because Gabriel is *in* him and sucking him down (bless angels and their lack of gag reflexes) and the only sound Dean can make is a sound that half Gabriel's name and half a moan.

Gabriel holds Dean's hips and groans into his ear as he does the work, lifting Dean up and off and then pulling him close, thrusting without moving his own hips, and if the other him makes a few noises of complaint at the speed, well.

Gabriel knows he's figured out the rhythm when a lubed finger reaches under Dean and into *him*, and Gabriel moans and moves Dean faster, spreading his legs further to let that finger move deeper into him.

Dean comes unexpectedly, but Gabriel doesn't mind, holding him close again as he nips at Dean's neck, looking over Dean's shoulder to see himself pull off of Dean's tip with a wet pop and grin up at them.

Dean makes a soft noise, and Gabriel moves him to the side, on his back so he can watch as the other Gabriel moves up to kiss Gabriel deeply, and then they are taking each other in hand and Gabriel sees Dean's eyes widen before he devotes his attention to himself, stroking faster and knowing just when to twist his wrist or flick the tip, just as the other him knows, and it isn't long before they're both coming, groaning into each other's mouths and collapsing back on the bed, tangled in each other's limbs.

Gabriel feels Dean's fingers on his shoulder, and he laughs breathlessly.

"I'm real," He says.

"And I am," the other him says.

They look at Dean, who finally looks like he's caught up to what's going on, and when he moves closer, they pull him into the pile.

"Good to be alive," Gabriel muses, and closes his eyes.